FEAR
HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR®
AN ENTERTAINING COMIC
EC
NO. 22
DECEMBER
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLD WITCH
THE VAULT-KEEPER
THE CRYPT-KEEPER
GHASTLY

SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE

E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH *25¢*. IF *FIVE* OR *MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S* NAME AND ADDRESS, ALONG WITH *25¢* FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME* OF THE *ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY* MEMBER, *CHAPTER* OR *INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY*... BY RETURN MAIL.

THE E.C FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. ____

STATE _____

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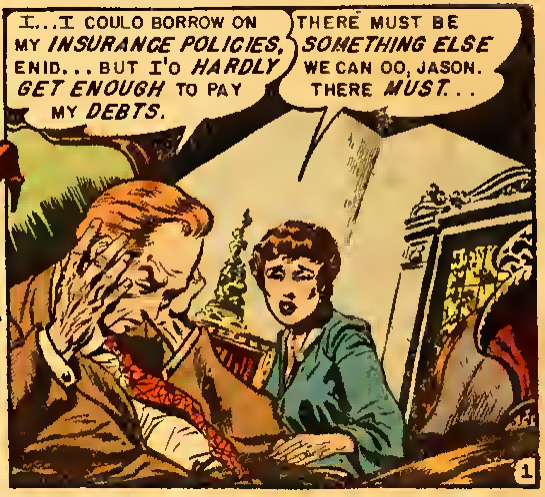
THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! *GREETINGS, MY FINE FETTERED FIENDS* TIME FOR ANOTHER *FOUL FEAST* IN *THE HAUNT OF FEAR*. THIS IS YOUR *SHRIEK-CHEF*, YOUR *DELIRIUM-DIETICIAN, THE OLD WITCH*, READY WITH MY BUBBLING CAULDRON FILLED WITH MY LATEST *REEKING RECIPE*. SO RELAX ON THAT *MARBLE SETTEE* THERE AND I'LL *BEGIN* MY *MUCK-MAG* BY FEEDING YOU THE *TASTY TALE OF TERROR* I CALL...

WISH YOU WERE HERE

JASON LOGAN SAT WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS IN THE LUXURIOUS LIVING ROOM OF HIS COUNTRY HOME BEFORE HIS GRIM-FACED WIFE, ENID. ALL ABOUT HIM WERE THE EXPENSIVE MEMENTOES OF A MODE OF LIFE NOW LOST TO HIM.. RICH SOUVENIRS OF A PERIOD OF SUCCESS AND LAVISH LIVING NOW NO LONGER POSSIBLE. JASON LOGAN WAS BANKRUPT. HIS PERSONAL FORTUNE WAS GONE. HIS CREDITORS WAITED, WITH PALMS OUTSTRETCHED, FOR MONIES JASON OWED THEM. HIS SAVINGS HAD DROPPED, AND THERE REMAINED ONLY OGLING ZEROS IN CANCELLED BANKBOOKS TO REMIND HIM OF HIS ONCE FABULOUS FINANCIAL STRENGTH...



ENID LOGAN LOOKED AROUND AT THE PRECIOUS REMEMBRANCES SURROUNDING HER...

WE COULD SELL ALL OF THESE *SOUVENIRS*, JASON. SOME OF THEM ARE VERY *VALUABLE!*

NO, ENID. *NOT* OUR *MEMORIES*. AT *LEAST* LET'S *HOLD ON* TO THE REMINDERS OF THE *HAPPY TIMES* WE'VE HAD TOGETHER.

ENID SMILED WISTFULLY, RUNNING HER NERVOUS FINGERS OVER THE CARVED IVORY CIGARETTE BOX THEY'D BOUGHT IN ALGIERS, THE QUARTZ ASH TRAY THEY'D FOUND IN CAIRO, THE SILVER URN THEY'D PURCHASED IN DAMASCUS...

WE...WE *HAVE* HAD HAPPY TIMES TOGETHER, JASON. I'LL *ALWAYS* REMEMBER THEM...

THE *INSURANCE LOAN* WILL TIDE US OVER FOR A WHILE, ENID.

ENID PICKED UP THE STRANGE LITTLE JADE STATUETTE THEY'D FOUND IN THAT MYSTERIOUS LITTLE SHOP ALMOST HIDDEN IN ONE OF THOSE WINDING HONG KONG STREETS...

REMEMBER *THIS*, JASON? OUR *CHINA* TRIP? REMEMBER THE *WEIRD OLD ORIENTAL SHOP KEEPER?*...

YES. YES. *WHAT* DID HE SAY ABOUT THAT STATUETTE? "USE IT... *USE IT WISELY!*"

ENID'S EYES WERE MOIST WITH RECOLLECTIONS AS SHE TURNED THE JADE STATUETTE OVER AND OVER IN HER WHITE HANDS, STUDYING IT...

"USE IT WISELY?" I WONDER WHAT THE OLD GENT *MEANT* BY THAT, ENID.

JASON, DID YOU EVER NOTICE THE *WRITING* ETCHED INTO THE BASE OF THIS STATUE?

JASON STOOD UP, STANDING BESIDE ENID...

WRITING?! WHERE?

HERE... IN THE *BASE*... *SEE?* IT SAYS... ER... "*THREE WISHES I GIVE*, AND *NO MORE*... TO *EACH OWNER* OF ME, SO KEEP *SCORE!* EACH *WISH* WILL COME *TRUE*, SO *TAKE CARE* WHAT YOU *DO*..." I... I CAN'T MAKE *OUT* THE *REST*... SOMETHING ABOUT... "*DEPLORE*"

THE JADE STATUE IN ENID'S HAND GLISTENED...

JASON! IT SAYS IT GIVES *THREE WISHES*. DO YOU THINK THAT'S WHAT THE OLD SHOP KEEPER MEANT BY "*USE IT WISELY!*"

DON'T BE *SILLY*, ENID. THAT'S *STORY-BOOK NONSENSE*. REMINDS ME OF A YARN *I* ONCE READ! WHAT *WAS* IT?

BUT WHAT IF IT *WERE* TRUE, JASON? WE... WE COULD WISH FOR *MONEY*, AND YOU'D BE ABLE TO GET *OUT* OF YOUR *DIFFICULTIES*.

WHAT *WAS* THAT STORY? "THE MONKEY'S..." *THAT'S IT!* "*THE MONKEY'S PAW*"!

ENIO HELO THE GLITTERING JADE STATUETTE UP, STARING AT IT...

I WISH... I WISH FOR MONEY... LOTS OF MONEY. THAT'S WHAT I WISH.

"THE MONKEY'S PAW"! MY GOD! DON'T, ENIO...

ENID FELT AN ALMOST IMPERCEPTABLE TREMOR VIBRATE THROUGH THE STATUETTE IN HER HANDS. SHE LOOKED AT JASON...

TOO LATE, JASON! I'VE WISHED! WHAT'S WRONG?

N-NOTHING, ENID. I... I JUST THOUGHT ABOUT THAT STORY I READ LONG AGO. IT... IT DOESN'T MATTER, ANYWAY. IT WAS JUST A STORY.

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SILENCE IN THE LOGAN LIVING ROOM. THEN, SUDDENLY, THE PHONE BEGAN TO RING...

HELLO. OH, HELLO, BART. YES, YES. I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

WHO IS IT, JASON?

JASON HUNG UP. HE TURNED TO HIS WIFE...

THAT WAS BART SHINER... MY LAWYER. HE WANTS ME TO RUSH INTO TOWN... RIGHT AWAY. IT'S IMPORTANT!

DID HE SAY WHAT IT WAS, JASON?

SOMETHING ABOUT MONEY... A WAY OUT.

THERE! YOU SEE!? MY WISH IS COMING TRUE.

JASON PAUSED AT THE FRONT DOOR AND KISSED HIS WIFE TENDERLY. THEN HE SLID BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HIS CONVERTIBLE AND ROARED OFF...

BE BACK SOON, DEAR.

DRIVE CAREFULLY, JASON.

ENID WATCHED UNTIL HER HUSBAND'S CAR SWUNG OUT THE DRIVE AND DISAPPEARED DOWN THE PRIVATE ROAD. THEN SHE WENT BACK INTO THE HOUSE AND STOOD FOR A MOMENT, STARING AT THE STRANGE LITTLE JADE STATUETTE..

BART SHINER SHOOK HIS HEAD. THEY'D CALLED HIM, AND HE'D RUSHED OUT TO THE FATAL TURN IN THE HIGHWAY WHERE JASON'S CAR HAD PLUNGED, OUT OF CONTROL, INTO THE DEEP GORGE. HE STOOD BESIDE THE TWISTED SHATTERED MASS OF STEEL AND RUBBER AND GLASS AND SHOOK HIS HEAD...

KILLED INSTANTLY, MR SHINER. HIS BODY WAS MANGLED BEYOND RECOGNITION.

HAVE YOU NOTIFIED MRS LOGAN YET?

NOT YET. WE WAITED FOR YOU. WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO BREAK THE NEWS TO HER GENTLY, SEEIN' AS YOU'RE A CLOSE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY AND ALL.

THANKS, SHERIFF. I'LL GO RIGHT OVER.

MR. SHINER BROKE THE NEWS AS GENTLY AS HE COULD TO ENID. FOR A LONG MOMENT SHE JUST STOOD THERE... STUNNED...

DEAD!? JASON IS DEAD?

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, MRS. LOGAN. HE MUST HAVE LOST CONTROL OF THE CAR... SKIDDED OFF THE ROAD..

ENID STARTED FOR THE DOOR. MR SHINER HELD HER ARM..

LET ME GO. LET ME GO. I MUST SEE HIM.

I WOULDN'T, MRS. LOGAN. IT...IT WAS PRETTY MESSY.

AFTER A WHILE MR. SHINER TOLD ENID...

THIS MAKES YOU A RICH WOMAN, MRS. LOGAN. THE ONE THING YOUR HUSBAND HELD ON TO TILL THE LAST WAS HIS INSURANCE. AND AN ACCIDENT MEANS DOUBLE INDEMNITY!

OH... NO..

WHAT IS IT, MRS. LOGAN?

I...I WISHED FOR MONEY.. LOTS OF MONEY. THIS IS HOW I GOT IT... BY JASON DYING AND I GETTING HIS INSURANCE! OH, GOD.. SOB... SOB

YOU WISHED FOR MONEY?! BUT SURELY THIS IS A COINCIDENCE.

IT'S NO COINCIDENCE! THIS JADE STATUETTE GAVE US THREE WISHES. I USED THE FIRST ONE WISHING FOR MONEY. NOW I'M GOING TO WISH FOR JASON BACK! I DON'T WANT THE MONEY... SOB... THAT WAY!

ENID PICKED UP THE JADE STATUETTE. SHE HELD IT UP...
I WISH...I WISH... ER... MR. SHINER! DID YOU EVER HEAR OF "THE MONKEY'S PAW"?
"THE MONKEY'S PAW"? THAT'S A HORROR STORY, ISN'T IT?
I DON'T KNOW! JASON MENTIONED IT, BEFORE HE...
OF COURSE. THAT'S THE STORY BY W. W. JACOBS... OF AN OLD COUPLE THAT GET A MONKEY'S PAW WHICH GIVES THEM THREE WISHES...
...SO THEY WISH FOR MONEY. THEIR SON IS KILLED... HORRIBLY... IN A MACHINE... MANGLED, AND... AND... OH, LORD! DON'T WISH FOR JASON BACK, MRS. LOGAN.
WHY NOT?
IN "THE MONKEY'S PAW," THE MOTHER WISHES THAT SHE HAD HER SON BACK... AND HE ALMOST DOES COME BACK... IN THE CONDITION OF HIS DEATH... MANGLED... TORN... MUTILATED...
WHAT HAPPENS?
THE FATHER USES THE THIRD WISH TO SAVE THE MOTHER FROM THE GORY SIGHT BY WISHING HIS SON BACK INTO THE GRAVE.
THEN I WON'T MAKE THEIR MISTAKE, MR. SHINER. I'LL WISH FOR JASON BACK AS HE WAS BEFORE THE ACCIDENT!
ENID LOGAN LIFTED THE JADE STATUETTE SO THAT IT GLEAMED IN THE LIGHT...
I...I WISH THAT I HAD JASON BACK AS HE WAS IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE ACCIDENT...
THE THICK SILENCE WAS SUDDENLY SHATTERED BY A HEAVY HAMMERING ON THE LOGAN FRONT DOOR. MR. SHINER OPENED IT...
GOOD LORD! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING...?
MRS. LOGAN ORDERED THE BODY BACK HERE, SO WE BROUGHT IT.
THE GRIM-FACED MEN MOVED INTO THE HOUSE, CARRYING THE DARK SOMBRE COFFIN...
JASON!
MRS. LOGAN... PLEASE...
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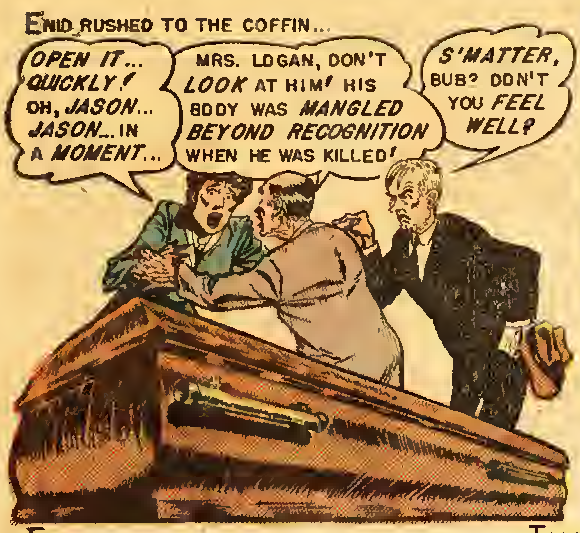
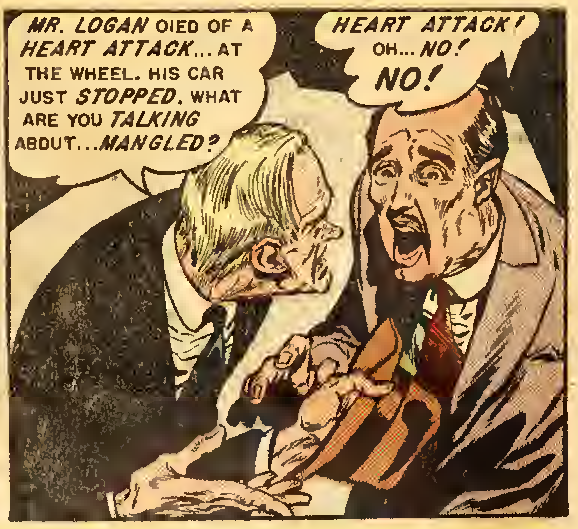
ENID RUSHED TO THE COFFIN...





ENID FLUNG OPEN THE COFFIN, SHRIEKING HYSTERICALLY...

THE UNDERTAKER'S ASSISTANTS WHO HAD BROUGHT THE BODY MOVED OFF SHAKING THEIR HEADS AS ENID SOBBED BESIDE THE OPEN CASKET...

ENID KNELT BESIDE THE COFFIN...

AS SOON AS MR. SHINER HAD LEFT, ENID RUSHED TO THE STRANGE LITTLE JADE STATUETTE. SHE PICKED IT UP.
I WISH.. I WISH THAT MY DEAR DARLING WAS ALIVE... BREATHING.. TALKING... MOVING... ALIVE! ALIVE!
ENID LOOKED DOWN. JASON'S EYES FLUTTERED OPEN...
JASON? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
ENID?
YES, DARLING. IT'S ENID...
ENID, I...I...
MR. SHINER STOOD AT THE TURN IN THE ROAD BESIDE THE DEEP GORGE, LOOKING DOWN AT WHERE HE'D STOOD EARLIER THAT AFTERNOON...
NOT A SIGN OF A WRECK. I...I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT CAN'T BE...
JASON LOGAN SCREAMED...
JASON... WHAT IS IT?
ENID! ENID...MY GOD... WHAT DID YOU DO?
JASON WRITHED IN THE COFFIN, SHRIEKING IN PAIN
OH, LORD! ENID! ENID! YOU WISHED ME ALIVE. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE! WHY DIDN'T YOU LEAVE WELL ENOUGH ALONE? OH, LORD... THE PAIN!
WHAT IS IT, JASON? WHAT'S WRONG?
YOU WISHED ME ALIVE... AND I AM ALIVE... ONLY I'VE BEEN EMBALMED ALREADY! I HAVE NO BLOOD! MY VEINS AND ARTERIES ARE FILLED WITH FORMALDEHYDE!
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JASON'S HYSTERICAL SHRIEKS OF PAIN ECHOED THROUGH THE LOGAN HOUSE.

OO SOMETHING, ENID! OO SOMETHING! STOP THE PAIN! THE PAIN!

ENID SCURRIED OUT OF THE LIVING ROOM SOBBING. SHE FUMBLED AT JASON'S GUN-RACK IN THE LIBRARY, SNATCHED OUT A RIFLE, LOADED IT, AND...

JASON CONTINUED TO SCREAM, EVEN THOUGH HIS HEAVING CHEST HAD BEEN PIERCED WITH A 30-30 SLUG.

IT DIDN'T *KILL* ME, ENID! *NOTHING* WILL KILL ME. YOU WISHED ME *ALIVE!* I *MUST* STAY *ALIVE!* OH, *PLEASE*... OO SOMETHING! THE PAIN!

ENID STUMBLED INTO THE KITCHEN, LOOKING AROUND WILDLY. THE KNIFE-RACK CAUGHT HER EYE. SHE HESITATED... BUT AS JASON'S PAINFUL CRIES ECHOED IN HER EARS, SHE REACHED FOR THE LARGEST KNIFE...

JASON LIVED. AS ENID WILDLY CUT AND HACKED AND SAWED, HE LIVED... SCREAMING AT HER... BEGGING... PLEADING...

OO SOMETHING, ENID! OO SOMETHING...

AND EVEN WHEN JASON COULD NO LONGER MAKE A SOUND... WHEN ENID'S FRANTIC HACKING HAD REDUCED HIM TO A MILLION SEVERED SECTIONS, EACH SECTION STILL MOVED AND JERKED AND QUIVERED WITH LIFE. MR. SHINER FOUND HER THAT WAY WHEN HE RETURNED... CUTTING... CUTTING... CUTTING...

GOOD LORD! CHOKE...

AND MR. SHINER... AND THE OTHERS... THE MEN IN THE WHITE COATS THAT CAME TO TAKE ENID AWAY.. *NEVER NOTICED THE TINY SEVERED SECTIONS PULSATING...*

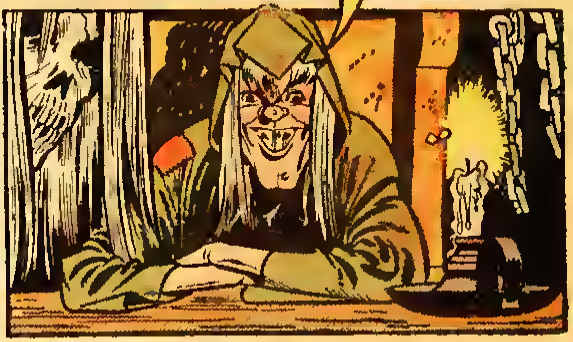
HEE, HEE! ANYBODY INTERESTED IN BUYING A *SECOND HAND JADE STATUETTE... CHEAP?* MAYBE *YOU* CAN USE IT *WISELY. THINK* A MOMENT. WHAT WOULD *YOU* WISH FOR? NOW THINK *AGAIN*. WHAT DEVILISH WAY COULD *YOUR* WISH COME TRUE? STILL *WANT* IT? WELL IT'S *FOR SALE*. THERE'S A *LITTLE SHOP* IN *HONG KONG* WITH A WEIRD OLD ORIENTAL PROPRIETOR. DROP IN, SOMETIME. TELL 'IM *I SENT YOU!* SHOW 'IM YOUR *E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB PIN.* HE'LL GIVE YOU A *REAL GOOD-BYE!*

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

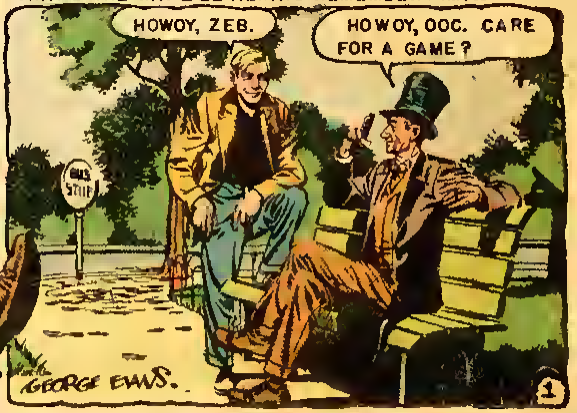
HEH,HEH. WELCOME TO *THE VAULT OF HORROR,* HIOIOTS. THIS IS YOUR *HOST* IN *HORRENDOUS HAPPENINGS, THE VAULT-KEEPER,* READY TO READ ANOTHER *REVOLTING REVELATION* FROM MY *CREEPY COLLECTION.* SO SETTLE DOWN ON THAT *PARK BENCH* THERE, AND I'LL BEGIN. *THIS* STORY IS TOLD BY ONE *MARTIN 'DOC' WHEEMS,* A RESIDENT OF PLAINVILLE. HE CALLS IT...

CHESS-MATE

SUDDENLY, THE GAIETY AND THE AIR OF FESTIVITY THAT HAS COVERED MY TOWN LIKE CONFETTI AND TINSEL AND PINK AND GREEN STREAMERS IS GONE, AND WE ALL STAND ABOUT IN A HUSHED TERRIFIED SILENCE, STARING DOWN AT THE LIFELESS BODY LYING IN THE GUTTER... THE BODY OF ZEB TAYLOR. I LOOK AT MY TOWNSFOLK... AT MAYOR CORNWALL, AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE... AT THE MERCHANTS, AND THE BUSINESSMEN... AND I WONDER IF *MY* FACE IS AS ASHEN AND PAINTED WITH HORROR AS THEIRS ARE. HOARSELY, I WHISPER...



I LOOK DOWN AT ZEB..LOVABLE, BRILLIANT, OLD ZEB... LYING DEAD AT MY FEET. POOR OLD ZEB. ALL HE EVER WANTED TO DO WAS SIT ON HIS FAVORITE BENCH IN THE TOWN PARK IN HIS OLD *STOVEPIPE HAT* AND HIS *THREADBARE COAT,* WITH HIS *CHESSBOARD* BESIDE HIM, SET AND READY, WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO COME ALONG. THAT'S THE WAY I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM...



'DOC'. THAT'S WHAT ZEB ALWAYS CALLED ME. NOT THAT I AM A DOCTOR. MY FATHER, MAY HE REST IN PEACE, WAS THE DOCTOR. BUT ZEB CALLED ME 'OOC'... IN HONOR OF MY DAD, PERHAPS.

ALL RIGHT, ZEB. I'LL TRY MY LUCK TODAY.

CHESS IS NO GAME OF LUCK, DOC! IT'S BRAINWORK... ALL BRAINWORK!

YES, THAT'S ALL THAT ZEB TAYLOR WANTED OUT OF LIFE... JUST TO SIT WITH HIS TOWNSFOLK... THE PEOPLE HE LOVED... AND PLAY CHESS WITH THEM. THAT'S HOW ZEB EARNED HIS LIVELIHOOD... PLAYING CHESS.

SHALL WE MAKE IT A DOLLAR, TODAY, ZEB?

SUIT YOURSELF, OOC.

ZEB WAS THE BEST CHESS PLAYER I'D EVER SEEN. NO ONE IN TOWN COULD BEAT HIM. BUT WE'D PLAY HIM ANYWAY, AND WE'D BET... A DIME... A DOLLAR... WHATEVER WE COULD AFFORD. THOSE DIMES AND DOLLARS THAT ZEB INVARIABLY WON KEPT HIM IN GRUB...

THAT'S... CHECK-MATE, OOC.

ZEB, I'LL BET YOU'RE THE BEST CHESS PLAYER IN THE COUNTRY!

ZEB WOULD ALWAYS GRIN UP AT ME FROM UNDER HIS BATTERED HIGH HAT AND WINK...

YOU KNOW WHY, DOC.

YEP, ZEB, I GUESS I DO. WELL, I GOT TO BE GETTIN' ALONG. SEE YOU

EVERYBODY IN TOWN LOVED ZEB. HE WAS LIKE A FIXTURE. A TRADITION. HARDLY ANYONE ALIVE REMEMBERS THE DAYS BEFORE ZEB STARTED COMING DOWN TO HIS PARK BENCH WITH HIS CHESS SET, AND SITTING THERE IN HIS STOVEPIPE HAT AND BEATING THE PANTS OFF EVERYONE WHO PLAYED HIM A GAME..

DANG-BLAST IT!

CHECKMATE, PHIL. WHO'S NEXT?

ME, YOU OLD GENIUS.

BUT WE'LL NEVER FORGET THE DAY EBAN MORGSKY CAME TO OUR SLEEPY LITTLE VILLAGE. EBAN MORGSKY WAS THE NUMBER TWO SEEDED CHESS PLAYER IN THE COUNTRY. HE'D HEARD ABOUT ZEB TAYLOR AND CAME TWO THOUSAND MILES TO PLAY HIM...

SIT DOWN, MR. MORGSKY.

AN HONOR, MR TAYLOR.

OH, WHAT A CHESS GAME THAT WAS! IT LASTED ALMOST TWO WHOLE DAYS. NATURALLY, WE ALL ROOTED FOR ZEB. BUT HE DIDN'T NEED OUR SUPPORT. HE OUT-MANEUVERED MORGSKY ALL THE WAY... WON, HANDS DOWN.

MR. TAYLOR, ALL I CAN SAY IS YOU ARE PROBABLY THE BEST CHESS PLAYER IN THE WHOLE WORLD. I BOW TO YOUR SUPERIORITY.

THANK YOU KINDLY, MR MORGSKY.

I REMEMBER HOW MAYOR CORNWALL STEPPED UP TO MR. MORGSKY AND INTRODUCED HIMSELF...
YOU ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED, MAYOR. IF MR. TAYLOR, HERE, EVER PLAYED THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CHAMPION, HE WOULD NO DOUBT WIN AND BRING FAME TO YOUR FINE CITY.
THAT SO, MR. MORGSKY?
ABSOLUTELY, MAYOR CORNWALL. YOU SHOULD TRY TO CONVINCE HIM TO ENTER THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENTS IN SAN FRANCISCO NEXT MONTH.
WHAT ABOUT IT, ZEB? FOR PLAINVILLE?
NO, THANK YOU, MAYOR. I'M NOT LEAVING PLAINVILLE. I LIKE IT HERE.
TOO BAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY, MR. TAYLOR. YOU WOULD PLAY SOME OF THE WORLD'S BEST CHESS PLAYERS BEFORE HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF CHESS ENTHUSIASTS. AND YOU'D WIN, I'M SURE OF IT.
THANKS JUST THE SAME, MR. MORGSKY BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED.
ZEB!
I REMEMBER HOW MAYOR CORNWALL PLEADED WITH ZEB..
ZEB, THIS IS A CHANCE TO PUT PLAINVILLE ON THE MAP. THINK OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS WHO WOULD BENEFIT BY THE TOURIST TRADE... PEOPLE COMING HERE TO SEE YOU... TO PLAY YOU...
I'M SORRY, MAYOR. HERE I AM... AND HERE I'LL STAY.
PERHAPS... IF I WERE TO SPEAK TO SOME PEOPLE...
MORGSKY DROPPED THE BOMBSHELL INTO THE MAYOR'S LAP...
.. PERHAPS, WE COULD HOLD THE TOURNAMENT HERE. I CANNOT SEE SUCH SUPERIOR TALENT WASTED.
HERE, MR. MORGSKY? YOU WOULD HOLD THE TOURNAMENT HERE IN PLAINVILLE?
I THINK IT COULD BE ARRANGED. IF I TOLD THE MEMBERS OF THE TOURNAMENT COMMITTEE ABOUT MR. TAYLOR, I'M SURE THEY WOULD CONSIDER HOLDING IT HERE!
NO!
ZEB STOOD UP, ANGRILY...
NO! I WON'T DO IT! I WON'T ENTER ANY TOURNAMENT... HERE OR ANYWHERE.
ZEB!
ZEB, THINK OF WHAT THIS COULD MEAN!

ZEB PICKED UP HIS CHESSMEN, POPPED THEM INTO A BOX, AND FOLDED HIS BOARD...

IS THIS HOW YOU *REPAY* US, ZEB TAYLOR? WE'VE BEEN *GOOD* TO *YOU!* WE'VE *SAT* WITH YOU AND *PLAYED CHESS* WITH YOU AND *LOST GOOD MONEY* TO YOU, EVEN THOUGH WE *KNEW* WE'D LOSE. IS *THIS* HOW YOU *REPAY US?*

I'M SORRY YOU *FEEL* THAT WAY, MAYOR. *GOOD DAY!*

I REMEMBER HOW EVERYBODY STARED AFTER ZEB AS HE STROLLED OFF.. HOW THE MAYOR TURNED TO ME...

WHEEMS! CAN'T *YOU* REASON WITH HIM? THINK OF THE *BOOM* THIS TOWN WOULD HAVE IF THE *INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENTS* WERE HELD HERE!

MY *HOTEL* WOULD BE JAMMED.

MY *BAR* WOULD BE DRAINED DRY.

MY *STORE SHELVES* WOULD BE CLEANED!

WE'D *ALL* MAKE MONEY!

WHEEMS! TALK TO *HIM!*

I SHRUGGED MY SHOULDERS

I'LL...SEE WHAT I CAN *DO,* GENTLEMEN.

MR. MORGSKY. YOU *SPEAK* TO YOUR *COMMITTEE. WE'LL* TAKE CARE OF *ZEB.*

GOOD. GOOD. SUCH *BRAINPOWER* DESERVES *RECOGNITION.* HE IS TRULY A *GENIUS*.. A *REMARKABLE GENIUS.*

THAT NIGHT, I REPORTED TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE .

I'M SORRY TO REPORT, GENTLEMEN, THAT ZEB TAYLOR *STILL REFUSES* TO *PARTICIPATE* IN *ANY TOURNAMENT.* HE DOES NOT WANT *FAME* OR *PUBLICITY.* I CAN'T DO *ANYTHING WITH HIM.*

WHY, THE *OLD UNGRATEFUL*... THEN WE'LL HAVE TO *CANCEL* OUR PLANS AND *WIRE MORGSKY!*

THE MAYOR STOOD UP.. *GENTLEMEN.* I HAVE AN *IDEA.* WE *DO NOT* WIRE MORGSKY. LET *HIM GO AHEAD* WITH HIS PLANS. I THINK THAT A *BOYCOTT* OF MR. TAYLOR BY EVERYONE IN *TOWN* WILL *SOON BRING HIM AROUND*... IN FACT... JUST ABOUT *IN TIME* FOR THE *TOURNAMENTS*...

AND SO, THE *'BOYCOTT'* OF ZEB TAYLOR STARTED NO ONE WOULD SPEAK TO HIM. HE SAT FOR DAYS ON HIS PARK BENCH BESIDE HIS CHESS SET WITHOUT PLAYING A SINGLE GAME...

HOWDY, CLEM! CARE FOR A..

HMMPH!

I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO WOULD TALK TO ZEB.

THEY'RE PRETTY *SORE* AT ME, *AREN'T* THEY, DOC?

THEY'RE THINKIN' ABOUT THEIR *POCKETBOOKS*, ZEB.

YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAND ANY *PUBLICITY*, DOC.

I *KNOW*, ZEB. BUT I DON'T SEE *WHY* YOU CAN'T ENTER THE *TOURNAMENT*, ESPECIALLY IF THEY HOLD IT *HERE* IN *PLAIN-VILLE*...

BUT THEY'LL PROBABLY HOLD IT IN THE *TOWN HALL* SO THEY COULD CHARGE *ADMISSION*... AND THAT MEANS BEING *INDOORS*, AND YOU *KNOW* I CAN'T GO *INDOORS* WITHOUT

I'LL *FIX* IT, ZEB. I *SWEAR IT*. I'LL *FIX* IT!

WELL, IF YOU CAN *FIX IT*, I'LL AGREE TO *ENTER THE TOURNAMENT*.

IT'S A *DEAL*, ZEB.

I REPORTED TO THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE...

ZEB WILL AGREE TO ENTER THE TOURNAMENT ON *ONE CONDITION* .THAT HE PLAYS HIS OPPONENTS ON HIS *USUAL BENCH* IN THE *PARK*

BUT HOW COULD WE *CHARGE ADMISSION* IF IT'S *OUTDOORS*?

YOU FIGURE IT OUT, MAYOR, THAT'S *JEB'S CONDITION*.

WE'LL *ROPE OFF* THE PARK AND ERECT A *GRANDSTAND* AROUND THE BENCH.

AND *PRAY* IT *DOESN'T RAIN*.

I WENT BACK TO JEB AND TOLD HIM THE NEWS...

I'VE *FIXED* IT, JEB. YOU'LL PLAY ON YOUR USUAL BENCH IN THE PARK.. *OUTDOORS*.

ALL RIGHT, DOC. BUT, I'LL BE *PREPARED*.. *JUST IN CASE*. I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FACE THEM, IF IF

THE OPENING DAY OF THE IMTER-NATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENTS OAWNED BRIGHT AND CLEAR. ALL WEEK LONG, PEOPLE HAD BEEM STREAMING INTO PLAIMVILLE, AMD THE CASH REGISTERS HAD BEEM CLANGING AWAY. MOW, THE OFFICIAL DAY'D ARRIVED. I OROVE OUT TO PICK UP ZEB...

EVERYBODY'S *WAITING* FOR YOU, ZEB. LET'S GO.

I'M *WORRIED*, DOC. SOMETHING'S *BOUND* TO GO WROMG

WHAT COULD GO WROMG, ZEB? IT'S JUST LIKE ITS *ALWAYS* BEEN. YOU'LL BE *OUTDOORS*. YOU CAN WEAR YOUR OLD *HIGH HAT*...

I'M *STILL* WORRIED.

THE TOWN WAS JAMMED. EVERYBODY APPLAUDED ZEB AS HE CLIMBED ONTO THE HASTILY ERECTED PLATFORM...

AND HERE HE *IS*, FOLKS. *ZEB TAYLOR*. PLAINVILLE'S *MENTAL WONDER*.

START THE PARADE!

I REMEMBER HOW THE CHILL CURLED UP MY BACK AS, BEYOND THE SQUARE, A BAND STRUCK UP A BRASSY MARCH AND THE CROWD CLEARED A PATH...

DOC... *DOC... A PARADE!*

I *KNOW*, ZEB. I *KNOW*. I DIDM'T *FIGURE* ON THIS.

...AND THEN, THE FLAG COMING DOWN THE STREET, COMING BY THE PLATFORM, AND EVERYBODY TAKING OFF THEIR HATS AND PUTTING THEM OVER THEIR HEARTS, AND ZEB STANDING THERE... CONFUSED, FRIGHTENED...

HEY, ZEB! IT'S THE *AMERICAN FLAG!*

TAKE OFF YOUR HAT!

HEY, ZEB...

I REMEMBER ZEB LIFTING HIS HAND TO HIS OLD STOVEPIPE HAT, WHILE HE LOOKED AT ME WITH THAT HELP-LESS, RESIGMED EXPRESSION..

... AMD THE CROWD STARING AT HIM IM HORROR AMD DISGUST AMD REVUL-SION AS HE REMOVED IT...

GOOD LORD!

CHOKE!

AND THE TWO SHOTS THAT RANG OUT...

ZEB! MY GOD! DON'T...

So now I stand with the rest of my townsfolk, staring down at Zeb Taylor's dead body. And I say...

I never *figured* on the *parade* or the *flag*... or else I would not have let him *come* here today. You see, I *knew* about Zeb. When my *father* died, he left me all of his *records*. I *read* about the *strange birth*...

'Back before the turn of the century, Zeb Taylor's mother gave birth to twins. My father was the attending physician...'

My *wife*, doctor? How *is* she?

She's *fine*, Mr. Taylor. It's your *twins*. They're... they're *Siamese twins!*

'Yes. Zeb Taylor was one of a pair of Siamese twins *joined together at the tops of their heads*...'

Can't you *separate* them, doctor?

No, Mr. Taylor. The *two brains* are *joined together!* Separating the twins *there* would *kill them both*...

But we can't *leave* them like *this*... for the *rest of their lives*.

Well, Mr. Taylor, if you folks will agree to a plan I have, I *could* separate them.. and *both* would remain *alive*, in a *sense*...

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor agreed... and there, in that farmhouse kitchen, with his limited instruments, my father *separated* the Taylor Siamese twins...'

...by *decapitating* Zeb's twin-brother's *head* from *his body*, leaving it *joined* to *Zeb's head*.

I look down at Zeb Taylor...

That's why Zeb *always wore* a *high hat*... to *cover* his *other head*. And *that's why* he was such a *mental marvel*. He had *two brains*. But he could never *face* you all, knowing you *knew* his *secret*. So he *shot himself*...

Heh, heh! *Get it*, kiddies? That's why there were *two shots!* In order to *commit suicide*, Zeb had to blow *both* his brains out! Well, that's 'Doc's' story. And is *he glad* he got it off his *chess*. Of course he still can't sleep at *knight*. He keeps *rooking* at Zeb, lying in the gutter, with the two neat, *queen* holes in his heads! Oh, my a-*king* back! What awful *pawns!* I'd better turn you back to *the old witch*. As the *bebopper* said when he saw the *New York skyline*, 'Dig that *cra-a-a-zy chess set*'!

'Bye.

THE

WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...

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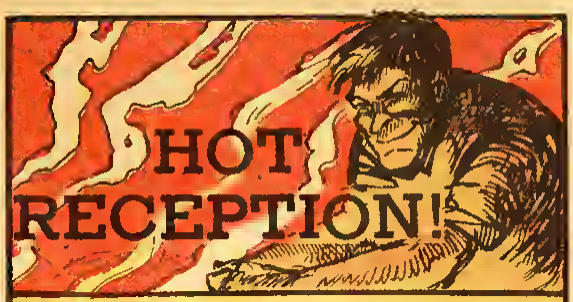

Bending over the simmering vat of molten lead, Moonshine Edwards felt the sweat spilling down the small of his back. The crude bullets he was making were white-hot; the fire roaring under the pot in which the liquid metal bubbled and boiled cast grotesque lights across Moonshine's craggy face. In just a few more moments the bullets would be shaped and ready to cool. Then let the Revenue Agents try to raid his mountain Still, Moonshine thought with a grin. They'd get themselves a bellyful of hot lead for their trouble!

A half-dozen sizzling slugs already reposed on the rock beside the old hunting gun: 6 more bullets dipped out of the vat and Moonshine would be ready to repulse the impending siege. It was like the old days his paw used to talk about . . . the days when a self-respecting mountain man shrugged off these raids like rainwater. His face flushed from the fiery vat, Moonshine chuckled aloud, his tongue stabbing at a rivulet of perspiration streaming over his taut, hot skin. His paw certainly knew how to deal with revenuers when they tried to demolish the family Still! *Lordy*, Moonshine guffawed, *how the ol' man loved to slaughter them guv'ment agents!*

Moonshine leaned forward and carefully lifted 2 sizzling slugs from the vat, dropping them into place on the cooling rock. *Like that time,*

Moonshine thought, *when paw ambushed 4 guv'ment men who came up the hill armed to the teeth! With just 4 home-made slugs, made in this same pot, paw had wiped out the interlopers!* Moonshine grinned as he remembered watching the corpses plunging headlong down the scrubby mountainside.

He felt cramped, crouched as he was over the bubbling pot. Moonshine straightened up to ease the crick in his back and, somehow, he lost his footing. Falling backwards, Moonshine instinctively reached forward to regain his balance; in the next instant an unearthly yowl of pain split the air. Moonshine's right hand, which he stared at in frightened amazement, was already swollen monstrously and turning an ugly purple-black. The stench of burning flesh which hung in the air was completely unnoticed by Moonshine, so great was his agony. The vat of white-hot lead into which he had accidentally plunged his hand, continued to sizzle . . . but the sound was drowned out now by Moonshine's piercing roars of pain.

A minute of searing torture passed, before the agony began to subside slightly. Looking, then, at the ruins of his right hand, on which the destroyed flesh was already beginning to slither off like the dead flesh of a rattlesnake, Moonshine knew he would never again be able to use the limb.

"Of all the lousy luck!" Moonshine whimpered, biting his lip to keep back the hot tears. "Now I'll never be able to fire my gun and get me a bunch of revenuers like paw did! All my preparations . . . gone plumb to waste!"

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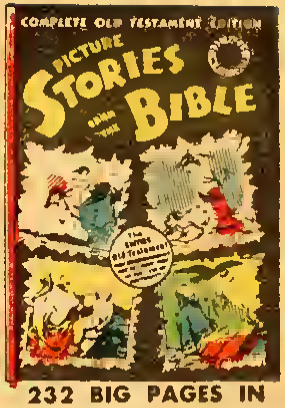

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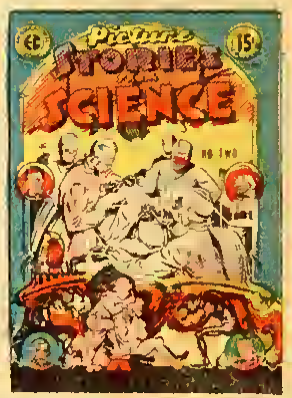

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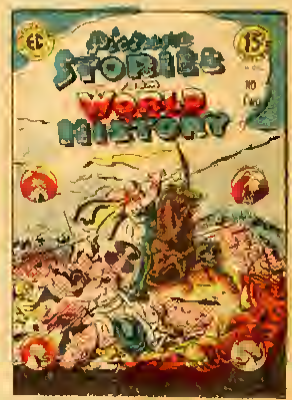

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THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

Hee, hee! It's sweeping the country! Our HORROR HIT PARADE has become a CREEPY CRAZE! Dig the latest JITTER-BLOOD tunes from Nelson Bridwell of Oklahoma City, Pat Patrick and Bruce Hamilton of Lubbock, Texas, Paul Hass of Omaha, Neb., Ralph Monti of Who Knows, Where?, George Stokes of Miami, Okla., Dennis Bartenback of Ocean Springs, Miss., and Elsie Friend of Yreka, Cal.:

I CAN'T BEGIN TO SMELL YOU
I SAW MAGGOTS EATING SANTA CLAUS
WHY DON'T YOU BEREAVE ME (IT'S YOU I ABHOR!)
LET ME MAUL YOU, SWEETHEART
I POURED YOU LAST NIGHT (AND GOT THAT MOLD FEELING)
DON'T LET HOT TAR GET IN YOUR EYES
OPEN MY SORE, RICHARD
SMELL ME, I'M GORY
SOAK LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO GNAW YA
THE MAN WHO BROKE MY BACK AT MONTE CARLO
I'M GETTING SEDIMENTAL UNDERGROUND
DOIN' WHAT COMES SUPERNATURALLY
SHE WEARS LEAD FETTERS

And here are some examples of GORY STORIES to add to your LURID LITERATURE LIBRARY, contributed by Nelson Bridwell (agmn that boy!), Putrid Pete, Shmy Sam, and Gory George of Heaven Only Knows, Where?, Keith Gentzler of Spring Grove, Pa., and Carl Shapiro of Joisey City:

GREAT AMPUTATIONS
THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN VAMPIRE
SILAS MOURNER
JULIUS! SEIZE HER!
UNDER TWO HAGS
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SCREAM
THE MAUL OF THE CHILD
GROAN WITH THE WIND
THE READERS DISSECT
DAVID COPPERHEAD
THE POISONER OF BRENDA
TOM BROWN'S GHOUL DAYS
GREAT EXPECTORATIONS
THE GORE-SICKENED BROTHERS
THE MERCHANT OF MENACE
THE MAIMING OF THE SHREW

NEW DEPARTMENT DEPT. PULSATING POGROMS from your T.V. SCREAM and your AM-FM LOUD-SHRIEKER, suggested by Allen Mozier and Nigel Cadell of Newberryport, Mass., Jack Demcak of Lansford, Pa., and Nelson Bridwell (oh, *really!*):

I LOATHE LUCY
BREAK THE BACK
ALL-SCAR REVIEW
MY FIEND IRMA
STRIKE IT, WITCH
BRIDE AND GLOOM
TROUBLE OR NOTHING
MILTON'S BOILED
ARTHUR GOT FREE FROM HIS FIENDS
MAN AGAINST SLIME
WHAT'S MY CRIME
YOU GASSED FOR IT
CHEW FOR THE MONEY
THE GEORGE BURNED GRACIE ALLEN SHOW

And now some reactions to the "E.C. Classic," reprinted in H.F. No. 20 . . .

Dear Old Crone,
I think your dipping back into the past to bring us classic E.C. yarns is a wonderful idea. This is a great break for the recent E.C. fan.
Wayne Fonton
Hollis, L. I.

. . . I congratulate you for printing a horror yarn from the past. I'm looking forward to seeing many more E.C. Classics in future issues.
Allan Katz
Flushing, N. Y.

. . . You gorgeous doll! You Santa Claus! I love you, love you, love you! Please more old stories like "Terror Train" in H.F. No. 20.
Delray Green & Juanita Wellons
Muncie, Ind.

. . . You guys must really be in tough shape! By reprinting that old story, you reached the ultimate low in comics. You were real cute about it though. You made it look as if you were doing us fans a big favor.
Ed Spiegel
Troy, N. Y.

. . . I think you're degrading yourself by selling reprints in a first edition mag.
Richard S. Coombs
Augusta, Maine

Oh well, ya can't please everybody! But for you fans who ARE pleased, the E.C. FAN ADDICT CLUB is writing for your two bits! See the inside front cover of this mag for info and coupon! And we have a very limited supply (7,255,008 copies) left of E.C.'s big 128 page horror anthology . . . the 1953 edition of TALES OF TERROR, containing reprints of past follies . . . yours for another two bits! And then there are subscriptions . . . six issues for 75c! And then there there is the address for T. of T. orders, sub orders, and more little gems from your creative craniums:

The Old Witch
Room 706, Dept. 22
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THE OLD WITCH'S GRIM FAIRY TALE!

HEE, HEE! I SEE THAT *C.K.* IN HIS LAST MAG (T.C. #39) DID SOME RESEARCH AND CAME UP WITH THE TRUE FACTS BEHIND THE *SLEEPING BEAUTY LEGEND.* WELL HERE'S YOUR *OLD WITCH'S* GRIM FAIRY TALE...THE *REAL STORY* OF...

SNOW WHITE AND THE *SEVEN DWARFS*

IN HER PALACE BEDROOM, THE WICKED VAIN QUEEN STOOD BEFORE HER 297 SQ. INCH. MAGIC MIRROR T.V. SET...

MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL... WHO'S THE *FAIREST* OF THEM ALL?

I USED TO THINK THAT *YOU WERE,* SWEETIE! BUT NOW *SNOW WHITE* HAS GOT YOU *BEATY!*

Jack Kamen

CHANEL NO. 5

TREBLE
TREBLE
NUTTIN' BUT TREBLE
ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GOT TREBLE

THE ANGRY QUEEN TURNED PURPLE WITH RAGE...

SNOW WHITE!? THE PRINCESS!? SHE IS *FAIRER* THAN *I?*

I'M NO *BEAUTY EXPERT,* HONEY, BUT WHAT *SNOW WHITE'S GOT,* YOU *CAN'T* BUY WITH *MONEY!*

HOO-HA!

RED CHANNEL

DOUBLE-BASS
STRIPED-BASS
LARGE MOUTH BASS

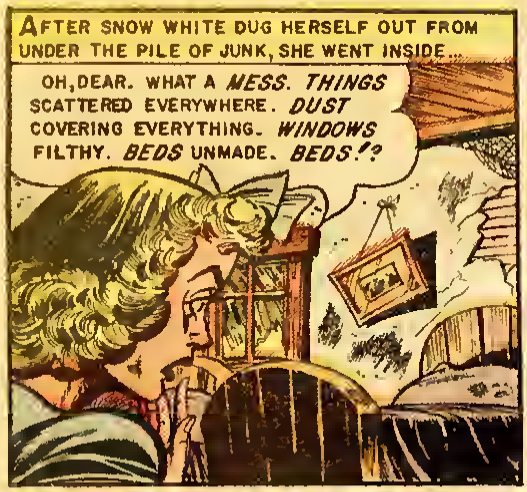
A QUICK PHONE CALL AND...

YOU SENT FOR A *MESSENGER,* FAIR QUEEN?

NOBODY CRAMPS MY STYLE 'ROUND *THIS* JOINT! *NOBODY! HERE,* BOY! DELIVER THIS *ERASURE NOTICE* TO THE *ROYAL AXEMAN.* AND MAKE IT *SNAPPY!*

IN THE SPOTLESS PALACE BALLROOM, THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW WHITE SANG MERRILY AS SHE SWEPT..
SOMEDAY, MY PRINCE WILL COME SOMEDAY, I'LL FIND THE BUM...
PRINCESS SNOW WHITE! PSST! PRINCESS SNOW WHITE..
WHO 'PSSTS' ME FROM BEHIND THE COLUMN? OH, IT IS YOU, ROYAL AXEMAN. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M BUSY CLEANING?
PRINCESS SNOW WHITE! I HAVE JUST RECEIVED A MESSAGE FROM THE QUEEN. SHE HAS ORDERED ME TO CHOP OFF YOUR HEAD.
AXE NO QUESTIONS
POOR MAMA! POOR CRAZY MIXED-UP QUEEN! WHY-FORE DO YOU THINK SHE WANTS YOU TO DO THAT?
SHE IS JEALOUS OF YOUR BEAUTY, OH, LOVELY SNOW WHITE. PLEASE! TAKE MY ADVICE! BLOW!
HOW CLEVER, ROYAL AXEMAN, WHEN I BLOW, I BLOW ALL THE HORRIBLE DUST AWAY! CAN'T STAND DUST!
LOOK, PRINCESS! I GOT NO AXE TO GRIND FOR YOU! WHY DON'T YOU SCRAM?! RUN AWAY... INTO THE IMPEN-ETRA... IMPENETRA... THE THICK FOREST!
AND IF I DON'T!?
THEN I'LL HAVE TO CHOP... OFF... YOUR... HEAD!
DON'T! WAIT! ALL THAT BLOOD WILL MESS UP THIS SPOTLESS BALLROOM. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO. I'LL RUN AWAY. I'LL DO AS YOU SUGGEST, AS SOON AS I FINISH CLEANING!
GO, NOW, SNOW WHITE! BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! I'LL FINISH!
I AM OFF, OH, AXEMAN. THANK YOU FOR SPARING MY LIFE. IF I CAN EVER... HEY! NOT UNDER THE RUG!
GO, ALREADY!
2

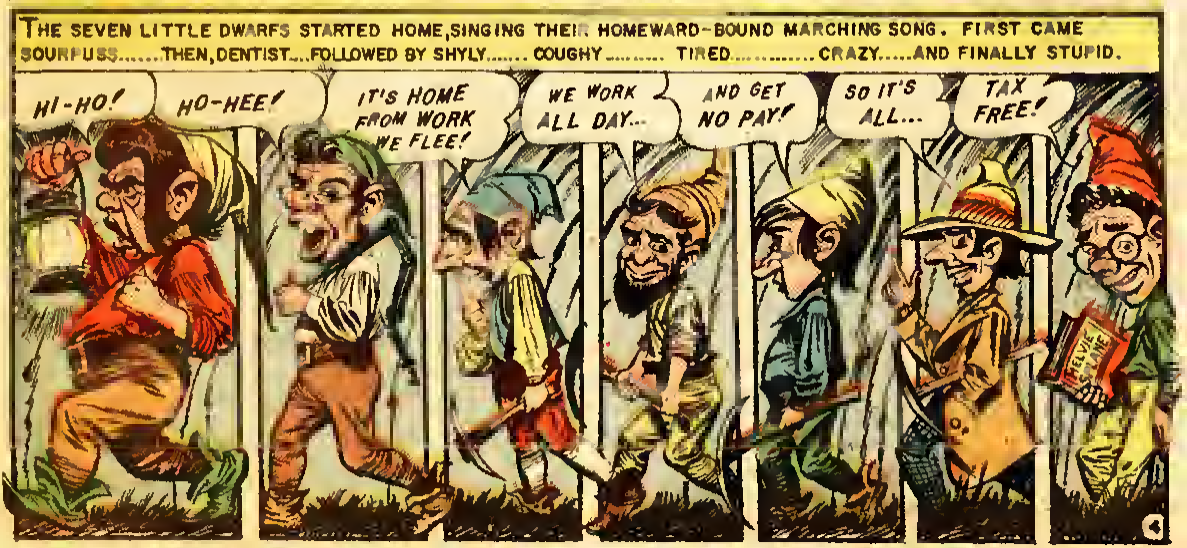
AND SO, LUSCIOUS SNOW WHITE RAN AWAY INTO THE IMPENETRA THE THICK FOREST, SINGING...
HE'LL WHISPER, I LOVE YOU.! MARRY ME!.. AND THE REST OF THE GOO...
WHILE, BACK AT THE PALACE, THE VAIN WICKED QUEEN TUNED IN CHANNEL 14...
MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL, NOW WHO'S FAIREST OF THEM ALL?
SNOW WHITE, LADY! SHE'S STILL CLICKIN'! THE SOFT-HEARTED AXEMAN WENT AND TURNED CHICKEN!
THE LIVIO QUEEN SUMMONED THE AXEMAN...
OID YOU CHOP OFF HER HEAO? ANSWER ME!
SUCH A QUESTION! OF COURSE! I KNOW MY JOB! I'M A TWENTY EAR MAN!
MY MAGIC MIRROR SET WITH THE SYNCHRO-LOCK RECTIFYING TURRET-TUNER TOLD ME SNOW WHITE STILL IS FAIREST!
SO SHE LOOKS GOOD EVEN WITHOUT A HEAO! SO SUE ME!
LIAR! LIAR! YOU LET HER GET AWAY! OFF WITH YOUR HEAD!
THIS'LL BE THE NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK!
I'LL TELL YOU NO LIES!!
MEANWHILE, GORGEOUS SNOW WHITE CAME UPON A RUN-DOWN HOUSE DEEP IN THE IMPENETRA...DEEP IN THE IMPENETRA...DEEP IN THE THICK FOREST...
OH, WHAT A MISERABLE LITTLE HOVEL! G.I. BILL, NO DOUBT...
I WILL OPEN THE MISERABLE LITTLE DOOR...
CRASH
3


AFTER SNOW WHITE DUG HERSELF OUT FROM UNDER THE PILE OF JUNK, SHE WENT INSIDE...
OH, DEAR. WHAT A MESS. THINGS SCATTERED EVERYWHERE. DUST COVERING EVERYTHING. WINDOWS FILTHY. BEDS UNMADE. BEDS!?

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE, SIX, SEVEN! SEVEN LITTLE BEDS. WHY THIS MUST BE THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS. PERHAPS IF I CLEANED UP THE PLACE, THEY'D LET ME STAY...

SO SNOW WHITE SET TO WORK WITH PAIL AND MOP AND DUST CLOTH AND ELECTROLUX, SINGING...
JUST WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK AND PEOPLE'LL THINK YOU'RE A JERK...

WHILE DEEPER INTO THE FOREST, SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS WORKED IN THEIR LITTLE URANIUM MINE, SINGING...
IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE.. MINING U-235..
TIME TO QUIT!
TIME TO QUIT!
HI-HO!
DIG THOSE CR-A-A-ZY ATOMS


THE SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS STARTED HOME, SINGING THEIR HOMEWARD-BOUND MARCHING SONG. FIRST CAME SOURPUSS.....THEN, DENTIST....FOLLOWED BY SHYLY..... COUGHY..... TIRED..... CRAZY.....AND FINALLY STUPID.
HI-HO!
HO-HEE!
IT'S HOME FROM WORK WE FLEE!
WE WORK ALL DAY...
AND GET NO PAY!
SO IT'S ALL...
TAX FREE!
HELVIE TIME

WHEN THE SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS ARRIVED AT THEIR ONCE MISERABLE LITTLE HOVEL, THEY FOUND...
THE WINDOWS ARE CLEAN!
THE BEDS ARE MADE!
THE CLOTHES PUT AWAY!
OUR E.C. COMICS STACKED NEATLY!
GOOD LORD!
LOOK! ON THE BED!
A BEAUTIFUL GIRL!
ASLEEP!
WHO CAN SHE BE?
SO WHO ELSE?!
HO HUM! OH... HELLO..
DID YOU MAKE OUR BEDS?
DID YOU WASH AWAY THE DISHES?
DID YOU DUST THE PLACE?
UH-UH! I'M THE PRINCESS SNOW WHITE!
IT FIGURES! THE QUEEN TRIED TO HAVE YOU ERASED, EH?
AND YOU WANT TO STAY HERE WITH US?
OH PLEASE! PLEASE LET ME STAY! I'LL COOK FOR YOU.. AND SEW FOR YOU AND CLEAN ...AND..:
OKAY! OKAY!
SO STAY!
SO THAT'S HOW SNOW WHITE CAME TO LIVE IN THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS AND, OH WHAT A DIFFERENCE HER PRESENCE MADE. THE LITTLE MEN LEARNED A NEW WAY OF LIFE..
NOW, LUMPY! YOU DIDN'T WASH UP FOR DINNER
NOW, DENTIST! YOU DIDN'T BRUSH YOUR TEETH!
NOW, STUPID. YOU DIDN'T HANG UP YOUR CLOTHES!
NOW, CRAZY YOU DIDN'T WIPE THE DISHES!
NOW... ISN'T THAT BETTER?
RAG MOP
PAIL
FACE
5

EVERY DAY, AS THE LITTLE MEN WOULD TRAMP OFF TO WORK ALL STARCHED AND NEAT AND CLEAN, THEY'D WARN...
GOOD-BYE, SNOW WHITE!
TAKE CARE!
BEWARE OF THE WICKED QUEEN!
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
ONE DAY SNOW WHITE OPENED THE LITTLE DOOR IN ANSWER TO A SOFT KNOCK...
OH! WHO...WHO ARE YOU?
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, YOUNG LADY! I'M JUST AN OLD BEGGAR LADY SELLING APPLES! TRY ONE?
FATHER
FOOLISHLY, SNOW WHITE TOOK ONE OF THE OLD CRONE'S APPLES. SHE BIT INTO IT...
♪MM-MM-GOOD! MM-MM-GOOD THAT'S WHAT..CHOKE..♪
HEE, HEE...
SNOW WHITE COLLAPSED...
THAT WAS A POISONED APPLE, YOU FOOLISH, FOOLISH GIRL!
AND THEN..
SHE DEAD?
YEP!
C'MON, FELLERS...
SO THE SEVEN LITTLE DWARFS STORMED BACK INTO THEIR SPOTLESS LITTLE HOUSE AND PROCEEDED TO TURN IT INTO A MISERABLE HOVEL AGAIN...
WELL, THANK GOODNESS!
WE'RE FINALLY RID OF HER!
EVER SEE SUCH A FIEND FOR NEATNESS?!
NOW WE CAN BE COMFORTABLE ONCE MORE!
CHECK PAINT
THE END

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH. *GREETINGS, GHOULS!* THIS IS YOUR *HOST IN HOWLS*, YOUR *GRUESOME GUIDE* THROUGH *THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER*, READY TO SET SAIL ON ANOTHER *VICIOUS VOYAGE* INTO *VILE VISAGES*. SO HERE GOES WITH *SIDNEY'S OWN TALE*, TOLD IN HIS *VERY OWN WAILING WORDS*. SIDNEY CALLS IT...

MODEL NEPHEW

I STAND ON THE FLAGSTONE PATIO OUTSIDE HIS PALATIAL MANSION, STARING IN AT MY RICH OLD UNCLE SITTING ALONE IN HIS LIBRARY, AND I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO. I CANNOT WAIT ANY LONGER. I AM IN TOO DEEP. I NEED MONEY BADLY. AND, SINCE I AM UNCLE'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE AND SOLE HEIR TO HIS FORTUNE, THE ONLY WAY I CAN *GET* MONEY, NOW, IMMEDIATELY, IS TO *KILL HIM*. SO I PUSH OPEN THE FRENCH DOORS.

HUH? WHO... *WHO'S THERE?*

IT'S *ME*, UNCLE ... *YOUR NEPHEW, SIDNEY!*

JACK DAVIS

UNCLE STUDIES ME FOR A MOMENT, THEN TURNS BACK TO HIS WORK... TO HIS SHIP MODEL... SMILING...

COME TO ASK FOR *MONEY* AGAIN, SIDNEY? WELL, YOU'LL *NOT GET IT*... NOT *ONE RED CENT*. I'M *SICK* AND *TIRED* OF YOU *PHILANDERING*...

I CAME TO GET IT *ALL* THIS TIME, UNCLE...

UNCLE'S HANDS BEGIN TO SHAKE SO THAT HE DROPS THE TINY MIZZEN MAST HE HOLDS WITH THE LONG SLENDER TWEEZERS...

YOU'LL *GET* IT ALL, SIDNEY... WHEN I'M *DEAD!* BUT NOT *ONE MINUTE BEFORE*...

I *KNOW*, UNCLE..

HE TURNS TO ME, AND THERE IS A FEAR IN HIS OLD EYES... THE FEAR OF A MAN WHO HAS SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT HE IS FACE TO FACE WITH DEATH. I MOVE TOWARD HIM...

YOU *WOULDN'T*...

OH, *WOULDN'T I*, UNCLE...?

HIS JAW DROPS OPEN AND HE STARTS TO CRY OUT. I CLAP MY HAND OVER HIS MOUTH...HIS NOSE... CUTTING OFF HIS AIR...

DON'T STRUGGLE, UNCLE. IT WILL *ALL BE OVER* IN A *MOMENT*...

G-G-G-GH.

I WATCH AS UNCLE'S FACE TURNS RED..THEN BLUE.. AND HIS EYES FAIRLY POP FROM HIS HEAD AS THE LAST DROP OF OXYGEN IN HIS BLOODSTREAM IS ABSORBED...

SUFFOCATION CAN LOOK *SO MUCH* LIKE A *HEART ATTACK*, UNCLE! ONE CAN *RARELY* TELL THE *DIFFERENCE*.. *ESPECIALLY* IN AN *AGED PERSON*...

UNCLE STIFFENS AS HIS LIFE EBBS AND DISSOLVES. AS HE DIES, HE SWINGS HIS ARMS BEFORE HIM, SWEEPING THE BOTTLE CONTAINING THE SHIP MODEL HE'D BEEN WORKING ON FROM HIS DESK...

DROP IT..

THE BOTTLE SMASHES INTO A THOUSAND JAGGED FRAGMENTS WITH A SPLITTING CRASH AND THE TINY SHIP SPLINTERS INTO A SMALL PILE OF STRING AND TOOTHPICKS AND BALSA WOOD...

THAT'S *SURE* TO BRING THE *SERVANTS*. I'VE GOT TO GET *OUT* OF HERE.

I RELEASE MY UNCLE'S LIFELESS BODY, AND I DART FROM THE LIBRARY, OUT OF THE FRENCH DOORS, CLOSING THEM BEHIND ME. FROM A SAFE HIDING-PLACE AMONG THE BUSHES BEYOND THE PATIO, I WATCH THE SERVANT ENTER AND STAND DUMBFOUNDED AS HE VIEWS UNCLE'S CORPSE...

A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE LAWYER'S OFFICE, MY LATE UNCLE'S WILL IS READ AND I LISTEN TO THE WORDS THAT MAKE ME A WEALTHY MAN...

...AND SO, TO MY *NEPHEW SIDNEY*, I LEAVE MY *ENTIRE ESTATE*, SAVE THOSE POSSESSIONS THAT ARE *NEAR* AND *DEAR* TO ME...MY *OLD SEA CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM* AND MY COLLECTION OF *SHIPS-IN-BOTTLES*. *THESE*, I REQUEST, BE *INTERRED* WITH MY *BONES*...

UNCLE'D MADE HIS FORTUNE WITH SHIPS. HE'D STARTED AS A SAILOR, WORKED HIS WAY UP TO SHIP'S CAPTAIN, AND EVENTUALLY BOUGHT HIS OWN FREIGHTER. FROM THERE, A WHOLE SHIPPING LINE HAD GROWN. WHEN UNCLE RETIRED, HE'D SOLD EVERYTHING. BUT HE NEVER COULD FORGET THE SEA ENTIRELY. I REMEMBER, AS A BOY, HIS TELLING ME STORIES OF HIS SEA ADVENTURES..

SHE WAS THE *SWEETEST* FOUR-MASTER THAT *EVER SAILED THE SEA*, SIDNEY.

AND THIS IS WHAT SHE *LOOKED* LIKE, UNCLE?

YEP, SIDNEY. *THAT'S HER*...EVERY *SPAR* AND *LANYARD*. *MADE* THAT MODEL *MYSELF*.

HOW'D YOU GET IT *IN THE BOTTLE*, UNCLE?

HEH, HEH. THAT'S A *SECRET*, BOY! A *SECRET*.

AW, *I DON'T CARE, ANYWAY!*

BUT I *DID* CARE. I REMEMBER STEALING TO THE LIBRARY ONE NIGHT AND WATCHING, FASCINATED, AS UNCLE CAREFULLY FITTED THE TINY SECTIONS OF HIS SHIP MODELS IN THROUGH THE NARROW NECK OF THE BOTTLE AND GLUED THEM INTO PLACE...

AND AS I GREW INTO MATURITY, AND I DISCOVERED HOBBIES OF MY OWN...CARS, AND WOMEN, AND HORSE RACES...THINGS THAT REQUIRED MONEY...I REMEMBER COMING TO MY UNCLE, AND BEGGING FOR A HANDOUT, AND HIM WORKING ON THOSE MISERABLE SHIP MODELS...

UNCLE, I...

SH-H-H-H-H! NOT NOW! THIS IS A TICKLISH PART...

BUT NOW ALL THAT IS OVER. I WILL NEVER HAVE TO BEG FOR ANOTHER CENT. IT IS ALL MINE...EVERYTHING. THE LAWYER, READING THE WILL, TELLS ME THAT...

...AND THAT I BE PLACED IN THE MAUSOLEUM I HAVE BUILT FOR MYSELF IN FAIRHAVEN CEMETERY, ALONG WITH THESE NEAR AND DEAR POSSESSIONS...

GOOD RIDDANCE...

THE FUNERAL IS A SIMPLE AFFAIR. I HAVE SEEN TO THAT, AFTER ALL. WHY WASTE MONEY ON THE DEAD OLD GOAT. BUT I HAVE TO KEEP MYSELF FROM LAUGHING, AS THE SERVANTS FILE INTO THE MAUSOLEUM AND PLACE HIS STUPID SHIP-MODELS BESIDE HIS COFFIN...

ASHES TO ASHES... DUST TO DUST...

...AND DRAPE HIS MOTH-EATEN OLD UNIFORM AND CAP OVER THE SILENT SOMBER COFFIN...

AS SOON AS MY LATE UNCLE'S AFFAIRS ARE PUT IN ORDER AND HIS ESTATE IS TURNED OVER TO ME, I GO ON A WILD SPENDING BINGE...NO HOLDS BARRED. I GET RID OF ALL MY INHIBITIONS IN ONE MAD CONTINUOUS SPREE OF WINE, WOMEN, AND SONG...

ONE NIGHT, RETURNING HOME FROM MY LATEST FUN-SEEKING ESCAPADE, I FIND MYSELF DOWN BY THE WATER-FRONT, A LITTLE HIGH, WALKING DOWN A DESERTED, WINDING, FOG-BLANKETED, COBBLE-STONED STREET. AS I STAGGER ALONG, I HEAR A VOICE...

SIDNEY! I'VE BEEN *LOOKING* FOR YOU!

HUH?

A FIGURE STANDS BEFORE ME, SILHOUETTED IN THE HAZY LIGHT FROM A DISTANT STREET LAMP...A FIGURE IN A SEA-CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM...

COME, SIDNEY! I NEED A *CREW*. MY SHIP IS *WAITING*. *COME*...

WHO...WHO *IS* IT?

I TRY TO PEER INTO THE GLOOM, TO MAKE OUT THE FEATURES OF THE STOOPED FIGURE STANDING BEFORE ME, BUT THE LIQUOR I HAVE CONSUMED DULLS MY SENSES...

WE MUST *HURRY*, SIDNEY!

KEEP AWAY FROM ME! KEEP AWAY...

HE COMES TOWARD ME, SHAMBLING OVER THE COBBLESTONES. SUDDENLY AN ICY FEAR GRIPS MY HEART. THERE IS SOMETHING *FAMILIAR* ABOUT THAT FIGURE. HIS *WALK*, HIS *VOICE*...

WHO...WHO *ARE* YOU?

DON'T YOU *KNOW*, SIDNEY?

I BEGIN TO RUN. I AM TERRORIZED. MY HEART BEATS IN MY CHEST LIKE A TRIP HAMMER RUN WILD. HE STUMBLES AFTER ME...

NO! NO! STAY AWAY...

I RUN THROUGH THE DESERTED WATERFRONT ALLEYS, THE PERSPIRATION POURING FROM MY FACE. BUT NO MATTER HOW FAST I RUN, THE SHUFFLING FIGURE BEHIND GAINS ON ME. AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE ROAD ENDS. I HAVE RUN OUT ONTO A PIER...

OUR *SHIP* IS *WAITING*, *SIDNEY!*

OH, LORD...

HE IS ALMOST UPON ME. I STAND, FROZEN, BENEATH THE DIM LAMP AT THE PIER'S END. AND THEN I SMELL IT...THE ODOR...THE ODOR OF DRIFTWOOD AND ROTTING SEAWEED...THE VILE AND NAUSEATING STENCH OF DECAY...

HE REACHES OUT TO ME, AND I INHALE THE FOULNESS OF HIS AURA, THE PUTRID REEK OF HIS FETOR. AND THEN THE LIGHT ABOVE US FALLS UPON HIS FACE...

CHOKE...*UNCLE*...

THE FOG CLOSES IN ABOUT ME...FIRST GREY, THEN BLACK... AND I SLIP INTO THE MERCIFUL ESCAPE OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, FALLING TO THE ROTTED BRINE-IMPREGNATED PIER BOARDS...

THE SOUND OF THE SEA AWAKENS ME. IT IS A HOLLOW ROARING SOUND, LIKE THE SOUND YOU HEAR WHEN YOU PLACE A SEA SHELL TO YOUR EAR. I STIR, SIT UP, AND LOOK ABOUT ME...

GOOD LORD! I'M ON A SHIP!

THE SKY ABOVE ME AS BLACK AS TAR, AND AN INKY, GREEN SEA, CALM AND STILL, STRETCHES AWAY TOWARD IT. I STAND ON THE DECK AND I CALL...

YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE ME BACK! HELP ME... SOMEBODY. YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE ME BACK TO LAND! I'LL PAY...I'LL PAY ANYTHING!

I LISTEN. NO SOUND. ONLY THE EMPTY FAR AWAY ROAR... ECHOING. I STAGGER ACROSS THE DECK TO THE CABIN DOOR, SCREAMING...

ANYBODY ON BOARD? ANYBODY?

I PULL AT THE DOOR LATCH. THE DOOR STICKS FAST. AND THEN I SEE THAT IT'S NO DOOR AT ALL, BUT MERELY A DOOR PAINTED ON THE CABIN WALL...

WHAT IS THIS? WHAT KIND OF SHIP IS THIS?

I PEER INTO THE BLACK PORT HOLES...

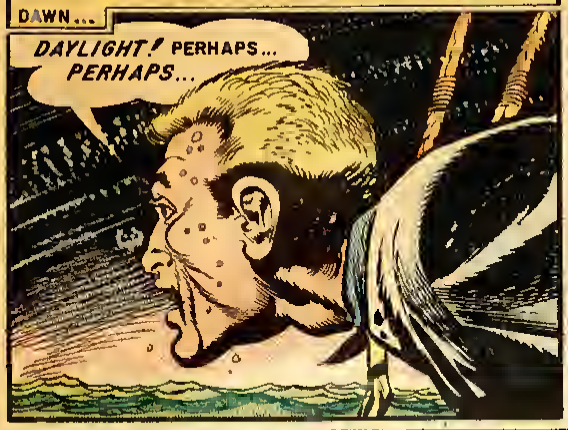
ANYBODY IN THERE?

AND THEN I REALIZE THAT THEY ARE MERELY BLACK CIRCLES PAINTED TO RESEMBLE PORTHOLES...

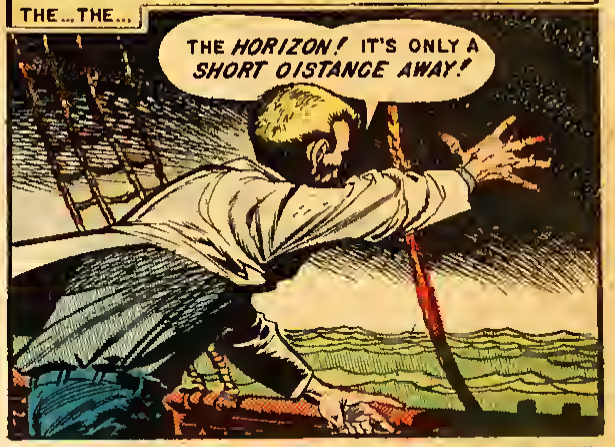
GOOD LORD!

I AM ALONE... ALONE ON A DERELICT SHIP... A SHIP FLOATING IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE... WITH FAKE CABINS AND PAINTED PORT HOLES AND DUMMY DOORS. OH, GOD...SAVE ME!

MY CRIES OF ANGUISH DRIFT INTO THE NIGHT, AND THEIR ECHOES COME BACK, TAUNTING, LAUGHING AT ME. FRANTICALLY, I PEER OUT ACROSS THE STILL SEA TO THE GLOW IN THE EAST THAT IS THE COMING DAWN...



AND THEN I SEE THAT THE OCEAN BELOW ME DOES NOT MOVE. ITS CALM SWELLS HANG FROZEN, PARALYZED, A MOTIONLESS MASS THAT STRETCHES AWAY SILENTLY TO THE...THE...

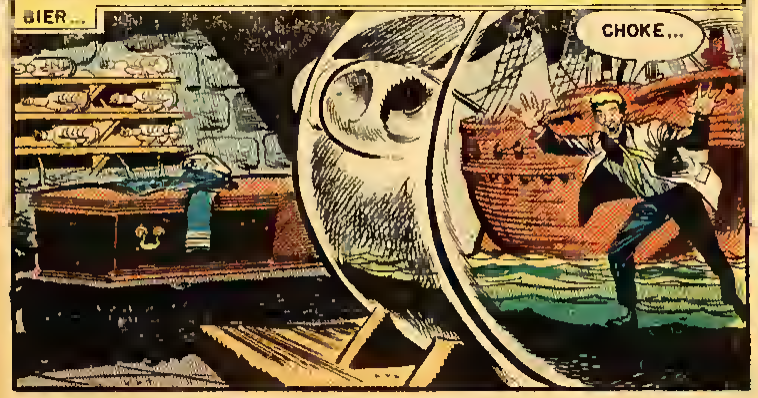


SUDDENLY MY BLOOD FREEZES. I SWING DOWN THE SHIP'S SIDE, BURNING MY HANDS AS I SLIDE DOWN THE HEAVY ROPE...

...I DASH MADLY ACROSS THE SOLID SEA, STAMPING OVER THE FROZEN WAVES...

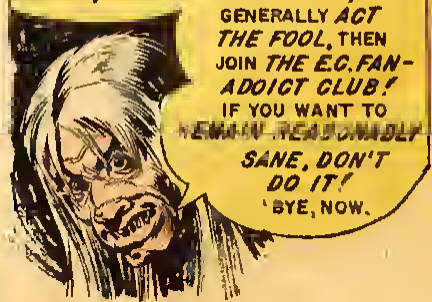
AND I REACH THE WALL...THE WALL OF GLASS THAT RISES UPWARD AROUND AND OVER MY DERELICT SHIP AND DOWN TO THE DISTANT OPPOSITE HORIZON...

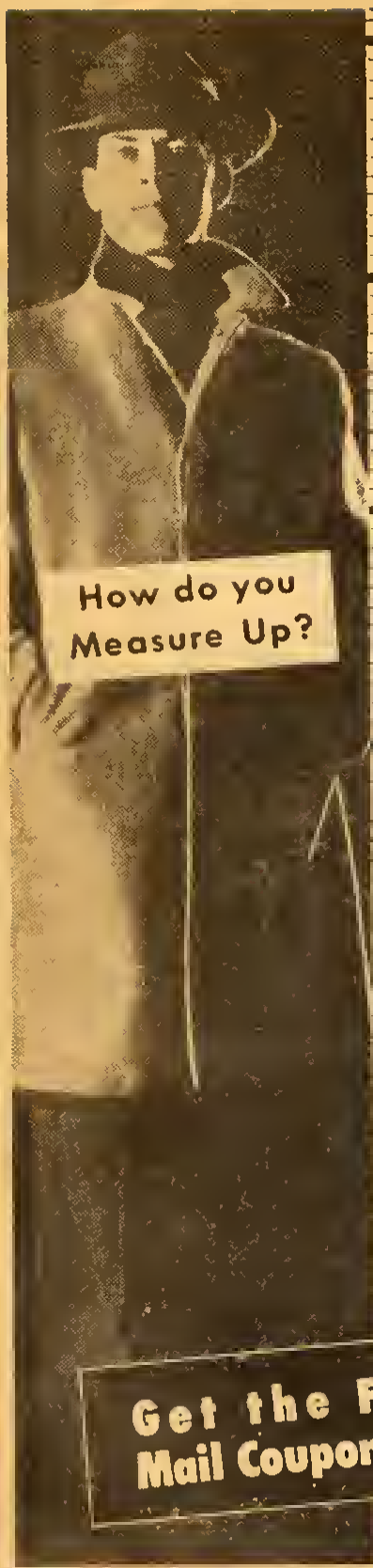
I STARE OUT OF MY BOTTLE PRISON AT THE DISTANT COFFIN LOOMING IN THE DAWN LIGHT FILTERING THROUGH THE MAUSOLEUM WINDOW. AND I SEE THE STILL-DAMP CAPTAIN'S UNIFORM DRAPED UPON IT...STILL DAMP FROM THE FOG OF THE NIGHT BEFORE. AND I KNOW THAT I AM DOOMED...DOOMED TO SPEND ETERNITY ON THE DECKS OF THIS SHAM VESSEL...THIS SHIP-IN-A-BOTTLE FOREVER LOCKED BESIDE ITS MAKER'S BIER...



HEH, HEH. WELL, *HIDIOTS!* THAT ABOUT CORKS UP *O.W.'S MORBID MESS-MAG* FOR THIS ISSUE. WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN *MY* HUMBLE HORROR HEDITION OF *TALES FROM THE CRYPT*. IN THE MEANTIME, IF YOU WANT TO MEET *MORE FIENDS* LIKE *YOURSELF*, CORRESPOND WITH *OTHER CREEPS*, WEAR *PINS* AND *PATCHES*, CARRY *IDENTIFICATION CARDS*, FRAME *CERTIFICATES*, AND GENERALLY *ACT THE FOOL*, THEN JOIN *THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!* IF YOU WANT TO REMAIN REASONABLY SANE, *DON'T DO IT!*

'BYE, NOW.





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